

# WASHINGTON GOSSIP

## President Wilson Orders Lower Speed for Autos

WASHINGTON.—There is sorrow in the White House garage. Two mighty touring cars and a landaulet have been brought to a state of watchful waiting. There is an embargo on speed which will not be lifted. Four chauffeurs—any one of whom can pass within an inch of a given object while running at 50 miles an hour—are constantly on watch lest the speedometers start to climb on them.

About the only person in the garage who is happy is the automobile washer, who has figured it out that the slower automobiles run the less dirt they accumulate.

Ever since a presidential automobile was held up outside of Hyattsville the White House machines have been passed by about everything on the road. Recently one of those runabouts (the type that sounds like a lawn mower and travels with a limp) actually went ahead of the big seven-passenger car which President Wilson affects.

The cause of the sorrow is manifest. The engines in the White House cars are of the latest type, and can, without an effort, run the machine up to 50 miles an hour. And on the road it is extremely difficult to gauge speed unless one's eye is constantly on the speedometer.

President Wilson has always insisted that the cars in which he rides be run slowly. But occasionally when his friends are taken out for a little spin the chauffeur has been inclined to open the throttle and let things whoop. Besides the automobile washer, there are others in the White House who feel a certain relief. They are the secret service men.

When President Taft was in office his favorite recreation was a high-powered automobile. Coming to a quiet little stretch of road, the former president was not averse to having the high speed touched up a little. Colonel Roosevelt was also fond of speed.

## Sleigh's Bells Give Shivers to the Gaudily Clad

IT WAS at noon on G street when the jingling bells of a sleigh were heard. A large, perspiring, spluttering fat man suspended his palm leaf fan in mid-air. "The doctor told me to cut it down to two these hot days. I didn't; now I am hearing things," he muttered.

Another jingle, in frosty accents. A willowy maid, exceedingly sumptuous and diaphanous as to her gown, pulled her gauzy skirts close about her and was seen to shiver.

And still they jingled. Temperature, 98 in the shade.

A puffing lady, of generous girth, plumped down her market basket on the pliant asphalt and felt her pulse. Traffic was suspended, passing horses sniffed the air, and Doctor Cook's press agent came running up from a nearby hotel to see whether some other intrepid explorer had put another one across on his employer.

"Going, going, gone. At twenty. And it's a bargain at that."

The raucous voice of the auctioneer explained the greatest natural phenomenon Washington has witnessed for many moons.

The fat man dashed back through the swinging doors for another brace. And the crowd, with sheepish expressions, melted away as only a crowd and a penny vanilla "snowball" can melt on a sweltering June day.

"That's the hottest job I've had this week," plaintively wailed the auctioneer, as he wiped a seeping sleeve across his briny brow.

"If any more uptown folk want to raise cash for a trip to Newport by selling their last year's double-runner, two-seated, low-set, steel-shod, single or tandem—

"Gee, I'll be doing that in my sleep tonight. Say, did you ever try to sell a sleigh with the thermometer at 98 in the shade?"

Oscar Baun bought it. He says he wants it for an investment.

Birds Use Bubble Fountain as a Bathing Place

THE English sparrow is the quickest of all the feathered tribe to adapt itself to the advances of science and civilization. This is frequently proved to the consternation of biologists and many lovers of the beautiful.

The most striking instance of this adaptivity was recently proved to a group of laymen who gathered by the little triangular park in front of the Munsey building, that has recently been landscaped-gardened into architectural eminence.

The sycamores along the avenue side of the park, and its cool shrubbery are favorite gathering places for the sparrow. Before the Pulaski statue was erected, the sparrows disported themselves in the cool water of bird and animal life wondered what these sparrows did for a drink and a bath after the fountain was torn up. Apparently there was no water in sight.

Some time ago a drinking fountain of the bubbling type was installed. For weeks and even months the sparrows paid but little attention. One or two audacious fellows eyed the bubbling stream at close range, but could find no standing water.

In the heat of noontime the other day, one of the holdest and noisiest of a twittering group, solved the problem. He lit on the outer edge of the fountain, cocked his dark brown head and eyed the stream. One or two pedestrians stopped to watch. Others gathered. Finally Mr. Sparrow thrust his bill into the stream with a quick darting motion. Nothing happened, and he tried it again. Finally he let it rest in the stream, and withdrawing it only to throw back his head, drank his fill. Contented he eyed his surroundings while an admiring throng applauded his perspicacity.

Suddenly seized of a new notion he fluttered through the stream to the other side. He repeated this feat several times, and many sparrows, quick to learn, were soon using the drinking fountain in approved style.

He Got His Money's Worth of Conversation

"DO YOU swear," said the marriage license clerk light-heartedly, "that the statements herein given are the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help you God one dollar please?"

The young man with the large, expressive hands, the trembling knees and the huge, awkward feet, dug feebly into his pocket and produced the sum of money required. There was something so red-faced and apologetically rabbitlike in the way he did it that one almost expected to see him flap his ears. But he didn't.

"Wish you all the luck in the world," said the marriage license clerk, evidently desirous of making the agitated young man feel at ease. The tall awkward young man scratched himself violently.

"Where's a preacher?" he demanded abruptly. The marriage license clerk waved a hand toward the city directory.

"Take your pick," he urged. "There are all kinds in the city. Also plenty of justices of the peace—if you want them."

"I want a Baptist," said the tall young man stubbornly. "I come from Powhicket, W. Va. And I kinder eloped here for the fun of seein' the city while I was gettin' married. And—"

"I found one!" he announced triumphantly. And then he continued the brief sketch of his life. He was a young man with a wide range of interests. And having paid a whole dollar for a bit of paper, he made up his mind that he would get his money's worth of conversation.

Too Much for Him. A bishop in the Northwest tells of a conversation he once had with a Wyoming man touching certain difficulties of the latter's religious tenets.

"Bishop," said the naive westerner, "I do not refuse to believe the story of the ark. I can accept the ark's great size, its odd shape and the vast number of animals it contained, but when I am asked to believe that the children of Israel carried this unwieldy thing for forty years in the wilderness, I must confess that my faith breaks down."—Harper's Magazine.

Killing Insects With Electricity. Electrical apparatus has been invented by M. Frigor, province of Santa Fe, Argentina, for killing insects which are harmful to the growth of trees and grain. A metallic net supported on a two-wheeled vehicle is suspended over the ground where the insects are to be killed, and 6,000-volt energy is allowed to discharge from it to the ground. The net and the earth are energized from one terminal of a step-up transformer on the vehicle, the other terminal being grounded.—Electrical World.

## ROOSEVELT-WILLARD WEDDING PARTY AT MADRID



The first photograph of the Roosevelt-Willard wedding party, showing the bride, the groom, the groom's father and the bridesmaids who attended the beautiful Belle Willard, daughter of the United States ambassador to Spain, at her wedding to Kermit Roosevelt, son of Col. Theodore Roosevelt. The groom is at the right, with arms behind him. The bride is seated at the right. Colonel Roosevelt is standing almost directly behind her.

## COFFEE IN DEMAND

### Porto Rican Crop Wanted Abroad But Not in United States.

Grapefruit and Cocoanuts Offer Big Opportunities for Investment, Although Sugar and Tobacco Still Lead as Exports.

Washington, D. C.—The coffee raised in our island possession, Porto Rico, is in great demand abroad and the foreign market places it at the top of the price list of coffees from all over the world, according to experts at the United States department of agriculture's Porto Rican experiment station. However, the people of the United States have developed a taste for a different kind of coffee, and the preference of a great many people will have to be changed in order to obtain a larger market for Porto Rican coffee in this country. The cost of changing the acquired taste of the American seems too great to justify the attempt so long as such excellent prices are obtained elsewhere for the product.

During the past year, says the newly-issued annual report of the department's station in Porto Rico, the value of the exports of coffee amounted to a great deal more than they ever have since the American occupation. Better cultivation and higher prices have enabled the coffee industry to show great progress, and planters are now following better practices in the selection of their seed for planting. The department's station is introducing the so-called "Java" and other coffees which are yielding better than native coffee and giving a higher percentage of large and uniform grains. The coffee is grown for distribution to planters on the island and has been resulting in greater yields as well as in better prices for the planters.

Of the coffee exported during the past year, \$8,378,346 worth went to foreign countries, while only \$132,970 worth went to the United States. Although today there exists a benefit of tariff, the coffee is still following the old lines of trade established by tariff laws during the Spanish regime. It is a marked indication of the truth that trade established upon preference of taste for a certain product is a most difficult one to change. However, associations and individuals are still striving to extend the market and to gain even a higher reputation for the coffee of Porto Rico.

The grapefruit industry which started from nothing ten years ago is now thriving in Porto Rico and promises good returns to the man with perseverance, industry, and personal supervision. Porto Rico is safe from frosts that threaten the industry on the mainland and at the open door of the best market in the world—New York and the eastern seaboard. The grapefruit industry represents the highest type of intensive farming, and is sure to increase to a much greater extent in Porto Rico as the trees which are already planted come into bearing.

The value of the exports of grapefruit last year (\$726,687) was exceeded by the exports of two other fresh-fruits industries which have been established for a much greater period in the island. Oranges were exported to the value of \$740,010, and pineapples to the value of \$1,142,007; \$151,681 worth of canned pineapples was also exported.

There is considerable planting of cocoanuts in Porto Rico and there are extensive areas yet where these trees may be profitably set out. A cocoanut grove, properly cared for, yields a sure and steady income. Better cultivation, the growing of vegeta-

## RED WHISKERS COST LIFE

Exceptionally Portly Woman Accepts Services of Man Who Resembles Husband.

Freeport, L. I.—Passengers were relayed when trolley car No. 19 jumped a switch near Milburn avenue. The steps of the cars at this junction are high from the ground and women found much difficulty in stepping up. Some were lifted by men.

One portly woman found the task

## SAVING ART WORKS

### How Paintings Hacked by Women Are Restored.

London.—Although Mr. Sargent's portrait of Mr. Henry James, the novelist, was badly hacked by a cleaver wielded by a suffragette at the opening of the Royal academy, it will not be an over difficult task to repair it. The work of restoration has been entrusted to Maj. George C. Roller, says London Tit-Bits.

In restoring the portrait the canvas, after the painted surface has been protected with tissue paper, will be placed on a slate table. The back will then be covered with a sticky fluid, which will be pressed through to the surface of the picture with a heated iron. In this way the canvas will contract, and the cuts in it will close up. The canvas will finally be relined, and many spots where paint may be missing will be filled in by the restorer with a special preparation.

There are men in London who follow the profession of picture restoring, who are able to restore old paintings of value which have large holes in them, or the materials on which they are executed hanging in threads. Moreover, they can, when necessary, transfer a painting to a new canvas.

If a picture of which the canvas is cracked, torn or rotted with age is handed to a clever restorer, the first thing he does is to purchase a new canvas the same size as the old one. Having obtained this, he glues a sheet of stout manila paper to the picture. He then carefully scrapes away the old canvas. This is a job that might occupy him for several days, or weeks if the canvas is a large one. Having removed every bit of canvas, the grounds upon which paint lies are taken away by solvents or gentle scraping, until nothing remains but the fragile shell of pigment adhering to the paper.

The new canvas is then covered with the strongest fish glue obtainable, and pressed firmly down upon the paper bearing the picture. As soon as the painting is firmly attached to its new foundation nothing remains but to take off the manila paper. This can be done with hot water, and the surface of the painting has only to be cleaned to look as bright as it was when the artist painted it.

We believe it was M. Haquin, a French artist of note, who first successfully transferred a panel painting to canvas. He glued a sheet of paper over the surface of the painting and afterward upon this a fine layer of muslin. When the glue was dry he planed down the panel until it was of the thickness of match wood, when he scraped off the remainder with a long flexible knife. This done, the mere skin of color held together by the paper and muslin was left, and it was a comparatively easy task to glue this to a canvas and remove the paper and muslin.

If an old picture has a portion of its pigment missing this may be replaced by an artist with colors from a brush, but sometimes old but worthless paintings are used for the purpose.

When the coloring of the drapery, flesh, foliage or sky, as the case may be, is found to match exactly the missing portion it is cut out to size and glued on the canvas, the edges of the joint being made imperceptible by the aid of the brush.

False Teeth Fill Street. Chicago.—The explosion of a vulcanizing machine in a dentist's office sent a shower of false teeth down upon the heads of State street pedestrians.

Leaves Many Descendants. Lamar, Mo.—Mrs. Elizabeth Isenbower, ninety-seven, who died here, left more than one hundred descendants.

too much, and after making valiant attempts to step up at the four entrances she took occasion to give her opinion of the service. A strongly built man stepped to her aid.

"Permit me to assist you," he offered.

"Get out," she exclaimed. "I don't allow any man but my husband to lift me up."

But she was suddenly startled by the appearance of a slightly built man, with reddish whiskers.

"There, sir, you can assist me if you

## OLD CHIPPEWA INDIAN CHIEF VIEWS WONDERS OF CITY

### Minneapolis, Minn.—John Smith, or Wa-be-ne-gew-wes, for more than a hundred years chief of the once powerful tribe of Chippewa Indians, who is one hundred and twenty-eight years old, as he reckons it, and whose existence as a boy 116 years ago is vouched for by government records, has left for his tepee.

He came here to see before death the great city that has risen in his lifetime where once the wilderness was unbroken. The last of the great Indian chieftains of the country, bent and shrunken by age, still is able to walk about, and all his faculties have been retained.

Two small, bright eyes in the depths of a face so seamed and wrinkled and withered that no words can visualize it looked out on the city. "Too many wagons," said the old chief. The solitude of the northern woods called him and he suffered from homesickness. To Charlie Brunell, or "Little Cloud," who, with his wife and six-months-old baby, came along with the old chief, he complained of the noise.

"Old, old," he said in English. But he lapsed into the Chippewa tongue and spoke through an interpreter when he said:

"My people are going. Soon I will go. I came to see Minneapolis before I die."

In the great Indian uprising of 1862, the most historic warfare incident in Minnesota, he with other runners went north after the New Ulm massacre, to warn the white people of their danger. Other runners fell, pierced by Sioux arrows, but Wa-be-ne-gew-wes got through and his friendliness for the whites and his efforts in their behalf mark a part of the history of that time.

"Now my people are dying, my youth is gone," he said. And he is very sensitive on one point, for last winter while hunting he froze his nose. "Blood run cold like squaw," he said.

How any man so bent and withered still can stand erect and still can hear the slightest noise and see a small object at a great distance is a wonder, but many things contributed to it.

Like the working of a piece of old mottled rubber was his face when Charlie Brunell asked what he believed most contributed to his long life, the small, beaded eyes began to twinkle away back in his head, the tip of the nose bent down to meet the chin, the mouth opened, and the great contributing cause came out in one loud English word:

"Poker."

Bees Own a Street; Stop Business and Traffic

CINCINNATI, O.—Sycamore street in the vicinity of Sixth street was practically deserted the other day, because of a swarm of bees which, after attempting to establish a colony at St. Xavier's college, were routed by students there and made things miserable for pedestrians, school children and factory employees in the vicinity. Business was practically at a standstill until the bees could be gathered into a box and taken away.

Conductors and motormen on the pay-as-you-enter cars which operate on Sycamore street had the laugh on their comrades who man open summer conveyances, although some of them got stung before the lesson was learned. Teamsters made but one attempt to reach the intersection of Seventh street and Sycamore, long detours being the order of the day after the first tryout. Pedestrians got wise on the way home and business men along Sycamore street used the back entrances in going to and fro.

The bees under the leadership of their queen took the liberty of swarming on one of the windows of the third floor of St. Xavier college. Some one discovered them and proceeded to rout them with water. The bees attacked a car and forced the passengers and crew to take flight.

Fred Duckert, with his son Irwin, with a common old shoe box as a trap, gathered in all the bees without any trouble, the youngster handling the bigger part of the job. With the departure of the bees, peace again reigned on Sycamore.

While this was going on, Corporal Sterly and Officer Somhorst were on their way to police headquarters, limping painfully, but happy. They carried a large box in which they had as prisoners a queen bee and her swarm that had descended upon the occupants of a basement at Canal and Vine streets. Both officers showed swollen parts of their body as proof of the stings received. Before the officers succeeded in gathering in this second swarm, the bees had invaded a restaurant and caused the diners to flee in terror.

Ancient Game of "Snipe" Hunting Is Revived

NEW YORK.—The ancient and honorable game of "snipe hunting" has been revived and in this enlightened vicinity, too. The reviver is Jack Ehrler, a bookkeeper at the Guardian Savings and Trust company. Lest there be some folk who are not acquainted with the delights and joys of "snipe hunting" we will elucidate. For hunting the wary snipe, a dark night is selected. The hunters repair to a dense woods. They circle through the woods and drive the snipe toward the center where one man stands ready to catch them in a bag. The sport comes when every one beats it for home, leaving the one man to hold the bag until he comes to.

Jack was visiting on a farm near Hudson recently and some one proposed that the bunch go snipe hunting. Jack grew quite enthusiastic over its possibilities and quite selfishly declared that he would hold the bag. He just would not allow any one else to do it. And the more unselfish members of the party let him have his way. The bag was placed in the depth of the woods with logs placed alongside to form a runway, so the snipe could not miss the bag in the dark. You know snipe cannot see well at night. He was armed with a lantern to attract the snipe. About 2 a. m. Mr. Ehrler arrived home, after having become lost in the woods, chased by dogs and irate farmers whom he awoke to find out where he was. He would not have this story become known at the bank for anything, so please help us to keep it quiet.

Hypnotize Battling Nelson. Gary, Ind.—Battling Nelson, former lightweight champion, was knocked out by "Professor" Griffin, a hypnotist, exhibiting at a local theater, who made the fighter sing and dance until he was "released." Nelson had bet \$300 he could not be hypnotized. He lost.

The latter complied and the woman got aboard.

Man wants but little here below, But trading stamps are all the go.

DETROIT, MICH.—Probate Judge Hanley absently scribbled the above sentiment on his blotter pad as he listened to the contest of the will of Hattie C. Kouzesha. Hattie, by her last testament, left her entire earthly treasures, consisting of about \$1,300 in trading stamps, to be divided equally between her husband, Julius, and her mother, Mrs. Matilda Brock. By dint of questioning, Judge Hanley learned that the trading stamps were worth a parlor rocker, a soup tureen and a shaving mug, or, by different combining, would get for the lucky holder a penwiper, a set of false teeth and a shoehorn.

"Your honor," said Julius, "my mother-in-law must have used undue influence on my wife to get her to bequeath half of these trading stamps to anybody but me. I want the will declared void on that ground."

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# INTERESTING ITEMS FROM THE CITIES

## Trading Stamp Will Gets on a Judge's Nerves

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"My wife spent the best years of her life collecting those trading stamps," continued Julius. "Many is the happy evening she and I spent counting them over."

Eucletic pleasures clashed with art, But never loosened Cupid's dart.

That was what Judge Hanley scribbled at this juncture. But the mother-in-law now had her inning. She said they were soap trading stamps and that she had helped her daughter to get them.

The soap was soon used up in lather, That's what got the stamps, I gather.

So the judge scribbled, but the testimony was by that time all in and he rendered judgment.

"This is the cheapest will contest that has ever been brought in Wayne county," he said. "I admit the will to probate, and, further, if it will be knocked out, the husband and mother of the woman would divide the trading stamps under the statute."

Old Chippewa Indian Chief Views Wonders of City

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—John Smith, or Wa-be-ne-gew-wes, for more than a hundred years chief of the once powerful tribe of Chippewa Indians, who is one hundred and twenty-eight years old, as he reckons it, and whose existence as a boy 116 years ago is vouched for by government records, has left for his tepee.

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